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INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS

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INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS

BY ALICE MAR





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A "LITTLE MOTHER"

INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS

WITH FOUR FULL-PAGE COLOR-PLATES AFTER
PAINTINGS IN WATER-COLOR BY
ALICE MAR

AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS IN
BLACK-AND-WHITE BY
EDWIN WILLARD DEMING

AND WITH NEW STORIES AND VERSES BY
ALICE CALHOUN HAINES



Donated by
Jonathan Demme

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How White Rabbit Minded the Baby

THE new baby papoose was a girl, and her papa was very much put out about it. But he only grunted, and said, "Her name shall be White Rabbit."

You see he wanted a boy, a little son who would grow up into a famous warrior—who would chase the fleet deer through the forest, who would skim the rivers in his swift canoe, who would ride, who would shoot, who would *fight*! White Rabbit could do none of these things, and so her papa sat outside his *tepee*, and smoked his pipe, and felt really quite cross.

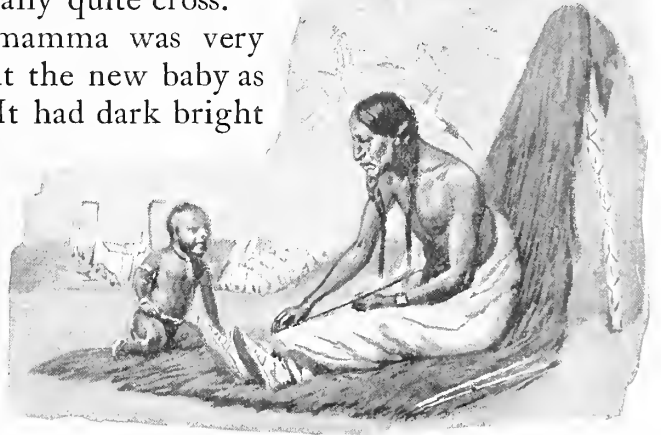
But White Rabbit's mamma was very much pleased. She thought the new baby as pretty as pretty could be! It had dark bright eyes, a soft brown skin, and straight black hair. When it grew a little older it would learn many useful things.

"How nice it will be," thought White Rabbit's mamma, "to have a dear little daughter to help me. I will teach her to sew, and to work in the garden. When I go to the woods to gather roots and berries she shall come, too. And, later, if a little warrior brother *should* come to camp, White Rabbit will help take care of him."

Well, that was just the way things happened. When White Rabbit was five years old another papoose was born. This time it was a boy. How glad everybody was.

White Rabbit's grandmother came running out of the *tepee* to where the little girl sat in the sun. She picked White Rabbit up under her arm, carried her down to the brook, and soused her in the water! And White Rabbit sputtered and choked, but she did not scream. She knew that she was lucky to get off so easily. If it had been winter time she might have been rolled in a snow-bank. For it was the custom when a Sioux Warrior was born that his brothers and sisters pay him honor with some such act of hardihood.

How tenderly White Rabbit loved her little brother. She watched



A LITTLE SON WHO WOULD GROW UP INTO A FAMOUS WARRIOR

with shining eyes while the old grandmother packed the baby into his comfortable cradle. This cradle was quite different from anything that a white child ever sleeps in. It was made of a straight oaken board about two feet long, with a pretty embroidered sack which opened in front and laced up and down with buckskin strings. The sack was lined with soft moss and sweet grass, and over the arms there was a wooden bow, fastened firmly to the sides of the board, so that if the cradle should fall the baby's face and head would be protected.

"Now," said White Rabbit, "I must bring my brother some toys!" And away she ran, only to return the next moment with the queerest collection of playthings! There was the rattle of a great snake that her father had killed some months before. There were also a fine string of polished bear claws, a pair of beautifully carved deer-hoofs, and a long bright necklace of colored beads.

All these things were hung to the arch over the baby's head. With a gentle push White Rabbit set them to jingling, while the little brother lay and blinked in wonder. He seemed quite comfortable in his snug cradle, happy as an Indian baby could be.

The next few days it rained, and the wee papoose was hung up in a corner of the *tepee* to be out of the way. If he cried no one paid any attention, not even White Rabbit, for she, as well as the mother and grandmother, wanted the boy to grow up strong and silent as an Indian brave should. And the little warrior seemed to know what was expected of him. He hardly cried at all. All the same, I think he must have been glad when, at last, the sun shone out bright and beautiful, and the old grandmother said:—

"To-day we will gather berries in the forest. White Rabbit and the little brother *shall* come, too."

So, as soon as breakfast was over, the family party set off. First grandmother with a pair of woven baskets slung over her shoulders; next came the pretty, proud mamma, her baby strapped safely to her back; and last of all trudged White Rabbit. She had her basket, too.

When they came to the wood the mother and grandmother tied the baby's cradle to a leafy loop of wild grapevine, and began to pick berries. There were many bushes but the fruit was not very big.

"I know another patch of bushes," said the grandmother, as she filled the smaller of the two baskets, "where the berries are much bigger and better than these. That is because they grow in the sun. Let us leave the children here, and go and look for them."

"Very well," answered White Rabbit's mamma, "if you do not think there are any bears about."

"Bears?" laughed the grandmother. "What would a bear be doing so near my son-in-law's *tepee*?"

And with that the two women picked up their empty baskets and slipped away through the bushes, after telling White Rabbit to mind her baby brother and let nothing frighten him.

It was very lonely in the great quiet woods. That is, it would have been lonely, if either of the Indian babies had thought of such a thing. But they didn't. Instead, they cooed and gossiped away together like a pair of turtle doves.

"Listen!" cried White Rabbit, as a clear bird note sounded from the thicket. "Mr. Robin is calling to his wife!"

Next a saucy grey squirrel ran out upon the over-hanging branch of a fir tree, and seated himself and began to scold.

"You are very brave!" mocked White Rabbit. "But only wait, Mr. Squirrel, until my brother is older. He will come with his bow and arrows! He will take your grey coat! But now I must drive you off." So she picked a birchen rod, and began to threaten the squirrel.

And at that moment, while the baby brother crowed and giggled, while White Rabbit boasted and shook her stick, shuffle, snuffle, through the forest there came a *great black bear*.

When it saw the two children its greedy red eyes began to twinkle. It sat up on its haunches and smiled!

Mother and grandmother were far away by this time. What would White Rabbit do?

Her one thought was for the safety of the little warrior. The hungry bear, rising on its haunches, might claw down the cradle and eat it, baby and all! With a fierce little shout White Rabbit waved her birch branch above her head, and plunged blindly at the enemy!

It was this shout that the Indian father heard as he stole noiselessly through the forest. He had had a hard day, and had killed no game. But his gun was ready! So now he raised it to his shoulder and fired, and the great bear dropped dead with a bullet in its brain!

Well, I leave you to imagine whether White Rabbit's papa was proud of his brave little girl! But from that day forth when White Rabbit minded the baby it was outside the door of her mother's *tepee*. There she would sit with a bit of gay needle-work, just as you see her in the picture.



The Little Warrior

AN INDIAN LULLABY

STRONG fir-tree, chant unto the little warrior,
Whisper in song the daring he shall do;
Safe in his oaken cradle rock and swing him,
Bound by stout deer-thongs to thy fragrant bough.

Brave maize, fall down before the little warrior,
Yield up thy golden store to him; and know
So shall his enemies fall down before him,
When that his puny strength has time to grow.

Fleet deer, affright not thou the little warrior,
For tho' his limbs be weak and helpless now,
Soon shall he follow, silent, thro' the forest,
Swift, swift, upon thy track, more fleet than thou!

Bright stars, shine down upon the little warrior,
Lighten his pathway, and in weal or woe
Lead him where glory still may shine upon him,
A mighty chieftain of the spear and bow!



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THE PICTURE WRITER



The Strange Sickness of Beaver Boy

BEAVER BOY sat in the sun. He was writing a story about three men and a horse, but he did not use any words. The three men were his father and his two uncles, and the horse was a beautiful wild prairie horse that they had caught on the plains. Beaver Boy was painting the whole story on a piece of buffalo hide which had been given him by his mother. This saved spelling.

The weather was very hot, and the mid-day sun shone down on little Beaver Boy's bare head. But he did not care. A number of young braves had stopped to look at the work, to read, and to grunt,—

“good!” “good!” That was high praise. The other boys might loll in the shadow of the cottonwoods. Beaver Boy must finish his story.

Presently his mother came to the door of her *tepee* and called,—

“It is not good to sit in the sun and write pictures. Wait and finish your story some other day.”

But Beaver Boy never looked up. He was painting the four legs of the beautiful wild prairie horse. He wanted to make them

quite straight. So, just as a little white boy might have done, he pretended that he did not hear what his mother said.

And she was very busy and went back into the *tepee*, and nobody else noticed. But when Beaver Boy came into supper that night he did not want anything to eat. Although there were fresh antelope steak, ash-cakes, and wild artichokes, of which he was very fond, he covered his eyes with his hand and turned away. He had such a queer pain in the back of his head!



A BEAUTIFUL PRAIRIE HORSE THEY HAD CAUGHT
ON THE PLAINS

"Never mind," said his mother. "You will feel better to-morrow."

So little Beaver Boy took his blanket and went out and threw himself down on the soft grass under the cottonwoods. It was cooler now. Beaver Boy watched the great round moon climb up above the tree-tops, and thought of all the stories he would write when the pain in his head should grow less. There was one about a Buffalo, and one about a Badger, and one about a Great Yellow Bear. They were very good stories, and Beaver Boy chuckled as he thought of them. But after awhile he fell asleep.

And then what do you think happened? Across the moon-lit prairie, hand in hand, came strolling a Buffalo, a Badger, and a Great Yellow Bear. When they reached the cottonwood under which Beaver Boy was sleeping they stopped.

"This is he!" roared the Buffalo. "This is the boy who is going to bring us in from the beautiful, free prairie and put us on the side of his father's *tepee*. We don't like that kind of *medicine*!"

"Let's eat him up!" growled the Bear.

"Let's do it now!" squealed the Badger.

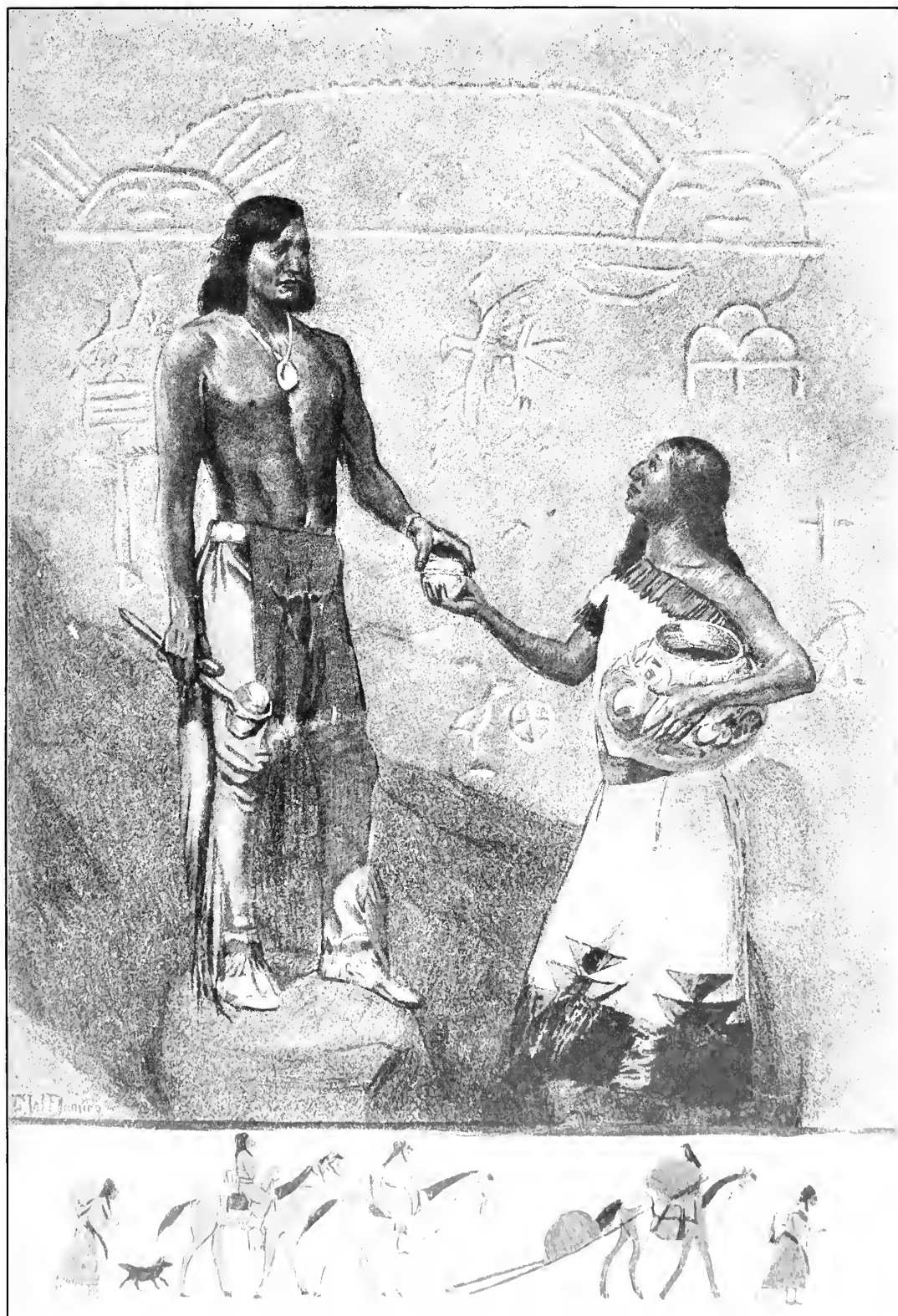
Poor little Beaver Boy! Just think how frightened he must have been! He struggled to his feet, and ran shouting toward the hunched shadow of his father's *tepee*. All at once his foot struck against something soft. There was a yelp and an angry snarl. He had trodden on one of the sleeping dogs,—and at the same moment a pair of strong arms closed about him.

Beaver Boy thought it was the Yellow Bear! He began to kick and fight with all his might till the bear started singing in a low, sweet voice,—and then Beaver Boy knew it must be his mother.

She rocked him in her arms and crooned over him, and after awhile Beaver Boy fell asleep. When he woke next morning the pain in his head was no better. So his mother made him a soft bed of buffalo robes at the back of the *tepee*, and pinned down the skin curtains tight; and his grandmother came in with a bitter brew of herbs, and Beaver Boy had to drink it,—*bah*!

But it did not do him any good, for that night he dreamed of the Buffalo, the Badger, and the Great Yellow Bear again. They came strolling in from the prairie, hand in hand, and pushed back the curtains of the lodge.

"This is the boy who is going to put us up on the side of his



ANOTHER INDIAN PICTURE-WRITER



father's *tepee*!" roared the Buffalo. "We don't like that kind of *medicine*!"

"Let's eat him up!" growled the Bear.

"Let's do it now!" squealed the Badger.

Then they began to dance round and round the bed, and the faster they danced the worse grew the pain in poor little Beaver Boy's head. There was no doubt about it. He was very sick.

The old women gathered in knots outside the *tepee* and gave advice. The little girls brought baskets of fresh strawberries, which Beaver Boy could not eat. The boys trapped rabbits and squirrels. But it did not do a bit of good.

"We must call in the Medicine Man," said Beaver Boy's papa at last.

So they did. It was not at all like the doctor's visits you are used to receiving. There was no gig and no little black bag full of pills.

Instead the Medicine Man came leaping and squeaking through the village. He wore a great tawny bear skin hung about with the claws and toe-nails of birds, while from his belt dangled a lot of stuffed toads, lizards, and bats. On his head were a pair of huge horns. Shaking his rattle and beating his drum, he began to prance and caper around the bed.

You see he had heard about the Buffalo, the Badger, and the Yellow Bear, and he wanted to frighten them away. But aren't you *glad* your doctor does not act like that?

All little Beaver Boy's friends stood around with their hands over their mouths, crying and moaning in the most pitiful manner. They thought Beaver Boy was certainly going to die.

Nobody could have blamed him if he had. But he didn't. Because when the Medicine Man came skipping into the tent the Buffalo, the Badger, and the Great Yellow Bear got up and ran out over the prairie as hard as they could go. And they never came back! So perhaps the Medicine Man knew his business after all.

Anyway the next morning Beaver Boy sat up and ate some stewed rabbit and some fresh strawberries, and soon he was quite well again. But after that he did not sit in the hot sun writing pictures, and when his mother called to him he *always heard what she said*!



The Medicine Man

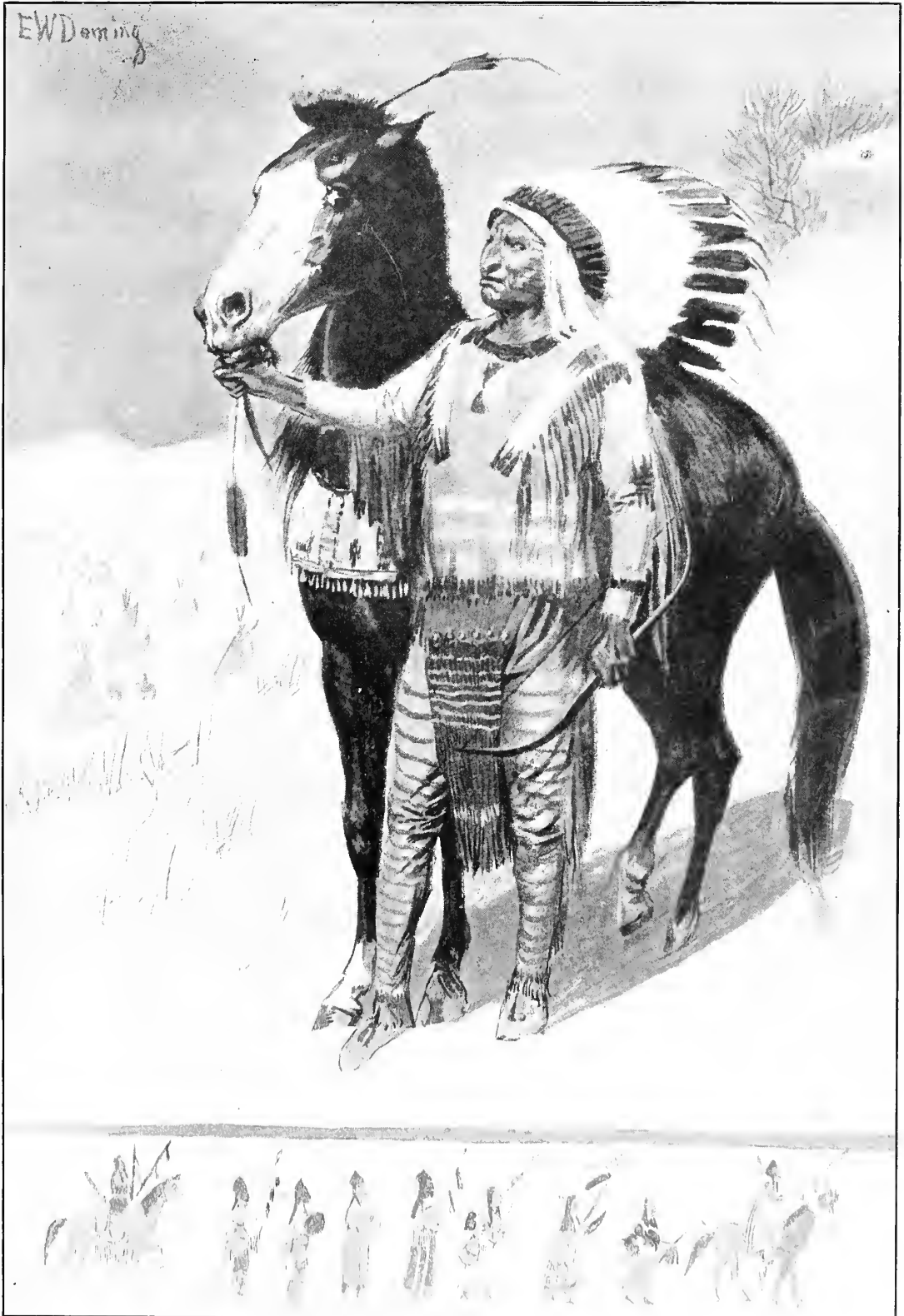
Ki! yi! Hi! yi!

The horrible, terrible, Medicine Man!
Dressed like a bear, with horns in his hair,
He'll paw you and claw you unless you take care,
And *run* while you can!

Hi! yi! Ki! yi! *tum-te-tee! tum-te-tee! tum!!*

Hark to the sound, the terrible sound,
Of his rattle and drum! *his rattle and drum!*
He's coming, he's coming to give you a scare,
The Medicine Man, who is dressed like a bear!

That is if you're bad. But if you are *good*
The Medicine Man does not want you for food!
He'll help you in sickness, and heal all your ills
With his songs and his capers, which answer for pills.
He'll dance and he'll prance, jump as high as he can,
Until you are cured,—the kind Medicine Man!



THE NOBLE BLACK HORSE AND HIS MASTER

Hawk Eye and His Pony

HAWK EYE wanted a pony of his own. Ever since he was a little boy he had taken care of his uncle's herd. He had driven them to pasture, watched them all day in the hot sun, watered them, and picketed them every night. But all the thanks he got was a gruff word now and then; for Hawk Eye was an orphan, and his uncle did not love him.

"If you want a pony," said the uncle, "go out on the prairie and catch one for yourself. There are plenty of wild horses there. A brave should be ashamed to beg."

Hawk Eye drew down his black brows, while the other boys laughed. They were not afraid to tease him, because he did not have any father or mother.



THEY HAD MANY EXCITING ADVENTURES

But after this Hawk Eye would not take care of his uncle's ponies any longer. Instead he got up early in the morning, and taking his bow and arrows and a rawhide lasso that he had made, he wandered out into the prairie, where he spent long hours throwing the lasso; till, at last, he became so skillful that he could catch an antelope with it, and once even got it about the neck of a great gaunt wolf and killed the animal with his knife after a dreadful battle.

All this was well enough. The boys no longer laughed at Hawk Eye. They did not dare,—but his uncle treated him worse than ever. He was angry, because now there was nobody to mind the ponies.

"Where's that horse you were going to bring home?" he would ask, in the evening when Hawk Eye returned to the *tepee*, weary and discouraged. And he jeered at the boy, and called him "a good for nothing fellow," till the other warriors came to be of the same opinion.

It is not pleasant to be looked down on, and laughed at,—and, besides this, Hawk Eye did not have enough to eat. Though he brought in almost as much game as his uncle, his aunt seemed to need it all for herself, her old mother, and her tribe of fat babies. So that Hawk Eye often went hungry.

But there was one *tepee* in the village where the boy was always welcome. It belonged to old Rainy Day, the medicine man, who had been a friend of Hawk Eye's grandfather. Here Hawk Eye would come, and sit, and tell all his plans, while the old man smoked and listened. Rainy Day was poor, too. He had little to offer his guest, and he did not talk much; but once he took his pipe from between his lips and told Hawk Eye a secret.

And it was because of this secret that Hawk Eye would not give up looking for a horse. Day after day he started out; sometimes wandering so far from home that he was forced to spend the night in the open prairie, where the wolves howled, the coyotes yelped, and the owls hooted. You would not have liked it; but Hawk Eye did not mind. He built a fire, and slept with his bow under his hand;—and it was early one morning, after just such a night as this, while Hawk Eye was gathering black berries in a ravine, that, looking up, he saw a beautiful wild horse standing outlined against the sky on the further side of the gully!

Such a noble creature as it was,—jet black, with fiery eye-balls, and a long, sweeping tail. It stood snuffing the air and pawing restlessly with one slender fore-foot; but it could not see Hawk Eye, and the wind was in the wrong direction so that it did not smell him.

Here was a chance indeed! Silent as a snake, the Indian boy crept up the side of the ravine. When he reached the top he fastened one end of the lasso about a stout hickory bole. His heart beat thick against his ribs; but his brain was clear and his hand steady.

The horse was grazing now, daintily cropping the short grass that grew along the side of the gully; and further down Hawk Eye could see the herd from which it had wandered. Some were chestnut, others were silver gray, others again pied, spotted, or striped. Their long tails dragged behind them, their shaggy manes fell almost to their

hocks; but not one of them was so proud of bearing or so graceful in movement as the beautiful black.

With a low whistling sound the lasso shot out from Hawk Eye's hand and dropped about the horse's neck. Then followed a terrible struggle! Had not the rawhide rope been tied to the hickory tree the horse must surely have escaped. Hawk Eye could never have held it; but, now, the more it leaped and tugged the tighter grew the noose about its neck, till, at last, it fell to the ground exhausted.

Then Hawk Eye ran out, hobbled its fore-feet, and slipped a short halter around its under jaw back of the teeth, at the same moment stroking its nose, and allowing his hand to glide gently up over its wild eyes while he breathed three times in its nostrils. This was the secret that had been whispered to him by old Rainy Day, the medicine man.

And,—would you believe it?—the moment the beautiful black caught Hawk Eye's breath it ceased to struggle and tremble. It seemed to understand that the Indian boy wished to be its friend as well as its master. So Hawk Eye continued to soothe and stroke it, till, presently he was able to take the hobble from its feet, and, after leading it several times up and down the prairie, he mounted and rode proudly back to the village.

How surprised everybody was! The boys shouted, the warriors grunted, the squaws laughed, while Hawk Eye's uncle stood in the door of his *tepee* and blinked. He was very angry, but he did not wish anyone to know it, so he only said—

“Huh! boy, you have a pony at last!”

“My pony is a *horse*,” answered Hawk Eye haughtily; and he rode on to the lodge of old Rainy Day, where he dismounted and went in.

After this the three friends lived happily together. There was always plenty to eat, and when, at last, old Rainy Day died, Hawk Eye saw that he had the right kind of a funeral. But the noble black horse and his master lived on, and had many exciting adventures. Are they not a splendid pair, as you see them in the picture?



Wild Horses

The prairie is wide, my brothers,
Forward, and let us go,
Coursing along together,
Free as the winds that blow!

*Five mile heat before we stop,
Over the green world's grassy-top;
Over its top and back again,
Thunder of hoofs on the silent plain!*

What need we fear, my brothers,
Sound of wind and of limb,
Hearts that are never tired,
Eyes that are never dim?

*Great gaunt wolf on our track you say?
East or west we will gallop away;
West or east at our highest speed,
Licking his chops he can follow in need!*

Snuff the air, my brothers,
What is this on the wind?
Puff of smoke in the distance,
Cloud of dust behind?

*Raw hide noose and strong lasso,
Merciless, tireless, comes the Sioux!
Little will speed or courage avail,
Shortened the course when HE rides on our trail!*

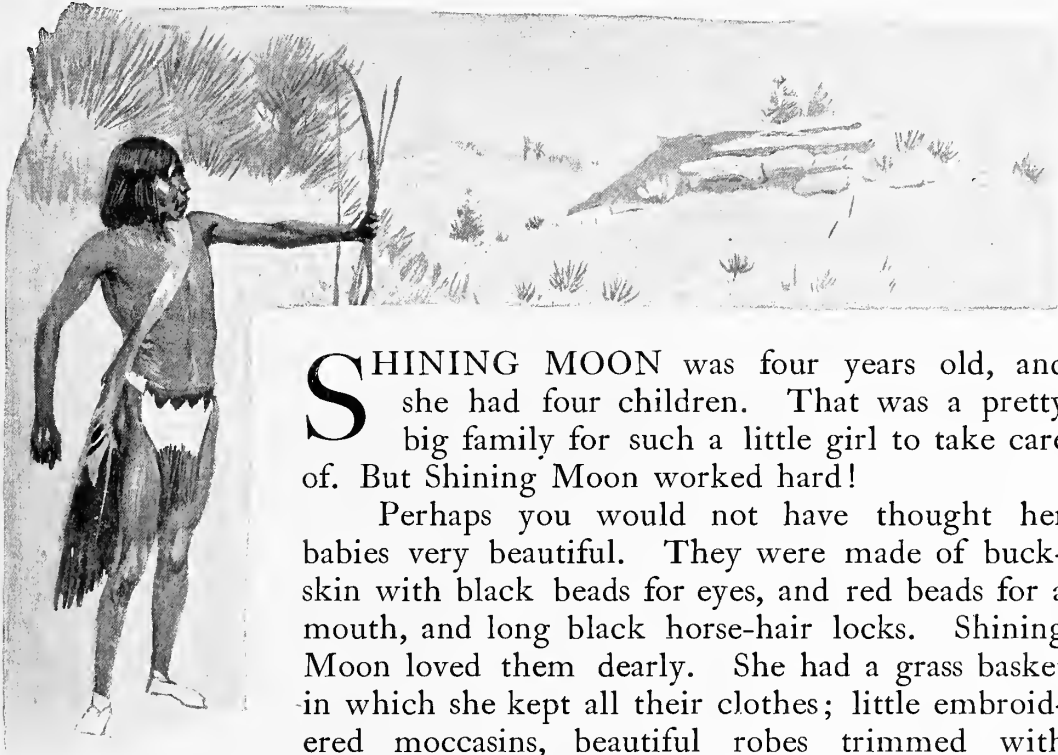


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A LITTLE WARRIOR



How Shining Moon Worked for Her Family



SHINING MOON was four years old, and she had four children. That was a pretty big family for such a little girl to take care of. But Shining Moon worked hard!

Perhaps you would not have thought her babies very beautiful. They were made of buckskin with black beads for eyes, and red beads for a mouth, and long black horse-hair locks. Shining Moon loved them dearly. She had a grass basket in which she kept all their clothes; little embroidered moccasins, beautiful robes trimmed with bright porcupine quills, and plenty of bead jewelry.

Three of the children were girls, but the eldest was a boy. He wore eagle feathers in his hair, just like Shining Moon's papa.

When Shining Moon's pretty sister, Happy Day, went in her canoe with the other maidens to gather wild rice Shining Moon always begged to go, too.

"I am making a *cache* for my babies," she explained, "so that when winter comes they will have plenty to eat."

Then Shining Moon's sister would laugh; and Shining Moon would hop into the canoe, and the two girls would push off across the blue waters of the lake. On every side the wild rice grew, tall and green. Soon you could not see the shore or the Indian tents. Shining Moon and her sister would call to the other girls, who were also out on the lake, imitating the cry of a water fowl; and presently someone would start a harvest song, and many voices would join in,—but just where they came from nobody knew.

Besides gathering rice with Happy Day, Shining Moon accompanied her grandmother when *she* went harvesting. Out over the prairie they would trudge together, armed with baskets and sharp sticks to dig with, looking for herbs and wild turnips that could be dried and added to the winter store.

One day while they were walking quietly along, the old grandmother suddenly stopped and began to waltz round and round on her heels. How Shining Moon laughed! She thought it was a new sort of game. But the grandmother kept right on dancing, till presently the earth gave way and there beneath her feet were a series of little cellars, or pockets, full of beans, and lily roots, and wild grain. It was the store-house of a field mouse. All summer long the little creature had been gathering her harvest, and now Shining Moon and her grandmother packed it away into *their* baskets! That seemed hardly fair.

That evening after Shining Moon had eaten her supper of fish stew and fresh blue berries, she said to Happy Day:—

“My babies’ *cache* is quite full now. They will have plenty of food all winter long. Come, and I’ll show you.”

So Happy Day followed, and, sure enough, down by the lake Shining Moon had dug a little hole, lining it carefully with dry grass and clean bark just as she had seen her mother do. Here were packed away wild rice and berries, oats, beans, and many different kinds of roots.

“How did you ever get so much?” asked Happy Day. “I will help you cover it up. We will build a fire on top, and nobody will ever guess that anything is hid here.”

So the two Indian girls made their fire, and laughed over their secret, and never noticed how the leaves of the young birch thicket trembled. Well, perhaps it was only the wind!

The next morning Happy Day took Shining Moon out into the woods to gather bark for a new canoe. They feasted upon hickory nuts and blue berries and had a lovely time, but,—what do you think? When Shining Moon came home late in the afternoon not one of her four babies were to be found! She had left them sitting in a row at the back of her grandmother’s *tepee*. *What* could have happened?

Shining Moon hurried here and there looking for her children. After a while she thought of the little *cache* down by the side of the lake; and she ran as hard as she could to see if anything was the matter there.

It was not hard to find the spot. Shining Moon had broken off

little twigs from the birch thicket, so that she would not forget the way: and,—Oh, terrible! there lying on the grass were her four babies. They had all been scalped! Their beautiful embroidered robes were torn from their backs, their pretty bead necklaces were broken and scattered; and, worst of all, the winter store, which Shining Moon had worked so hard to gather, was broken open, too! The berries and nuts were gone, the roots were trampled into the grass.

Here was trouble enough! Poor little Shining Moon stood for a moment looking from her murdered babies to her scattered goods. Then she flung herself down upon the ground and wept long and bitterly, just as a little white girl would have done under the same circumstances.

And while she lay there the birchen thicket began to tremble again. Well, *perhaps* it was only the wind! No,—the branches parted, and a pair of laughing black eyes peeped out.

They belonged to Yellow Thunder, Shining Moon's boy cousin. He loved to tease Shining Moon,—but he did not like to see her cry! *If* he had scalped the babies and eaten the berries for a joke, somehow it did not seem so funny now.

“Bo-*hoo*!” sobbed poor little Shining Moon. “Bo-ho-*hoo*!”

“Huh!” grunted Yellow Thunder. “What's the matter?”

Shining Moon looked up at him, the big tear drops hanging to her long lashes. “Somebody has scalped my babies,” she sobbed, “and stolen all my nuts and berries. Oh! and I worked *so* hard!”

“It was some enemy,” announced Yellow Thunder, jumping down from the tree where he had been hiding. “Perhaps the Crows are on the warpath. But I don't believe your children are dead. Happy Day will sew their scalps on again, and I will kill rabbits for you, and help fill up your *cache*. So what's the use of crying?”

Then little Shining Moon sat up and wiped away her tears. And the next morning she started out to gather a new store of berries and roots and wild grain; but somehow it did not seem so very hard when she remembered that Yellow Thunder was out with his bow and arrows working, too!

Little Brown Mother



LITTLE brown field mouse skips thro'
the grass,
Hurrying, scurrying,—see her pass
Wild oats and timothy make her store,
Plucks them, and packs them, and runs for
more!

*Little brown mother, she works, too!
Indian squaw, in the sun and the dew,
Gathering berries for her pretty brown babies,
Strings them and dries them,—oh, she works, too!*

Little grey squirrel, from tree-top to tree
Hying and flying, happy is he!
Walnuts and hickories carries away,
Cracks them and packs them, and back next day

*Little brown mother, she works, too!
Indian squaw, in the sun and the dew,
Shakes the great nut-trees for her pretty brown babies,
Shakes them and whacks them,—oh, she works, too!*

Old Miser Muskrat down by the brook
Fills up his larder by hook or crook,—
Tubers and lily bulbs, sweet marsh roots,
Iris and sassafras, young elm shoots!

*Little brown mother, she works, too!
Indian squaw, in the sun and the dew,
Steals from the muskrat for her pretty brown babies,
Robs all his winter store,—yes, she works, too!*



"WILL YOU TELL US A STORY?"

How Little Bear and His Sister Forgot That They Were Hungry

THE Peace Pipe had been smoked and the Calumet Song sung. This meant that the Ojibways would fight no more (for a time, at least) with their old enemies the Sioux. For it was already the beginning of winter, and the Indian fathers had enough to do, hunting, trapping and fishing, to get food for their wives and babies.



THE SNOW LAY DEEP ABOUT THE LODGES

Sometimes when the snow lay deep about the lodges, and the traps of the hunters were covered over, the children would have very little to eat. This is what had happened the evening I am going to tell about. For five "sleeps" the great white flakes had come tumbling out of the sky. The drifts were piled high on every side. Nobody could go out, not even on snowshoes, and that was why Little Bear and his pretty sister Strutting Pigeon were *so* hungry!

But they did not cry or complain. No, indeed; instead they said: "Father, will you tell us a story?"

And their father, who felt very sorry that his poor little children should not have enough to eat, answered:

"What story shall I tell you?"

"Tell us the story of the two ghost women who came to live with the hunter and his wife," cried Little Bear.

"No!" said Strutting Pigeon, for this story always frightened her. "Tell us about the *Puck Wudj Ininees*. They are fairies! I like to hear about them best!"

"I will tell neither the one nor the other," answered the father. "Those are grandmothers' tales! What I will tell is something useful to know, and pleasant to listen to,—'How the First Summer Came.'" And with that he began:

"A long, long time ago, so long that not even our grandfathers can remember it, there lived a hunter whose name was Ojeeg. He had a wife and a little son whom he loved very dearly.

"In those days it was always winter. But no matter how cold the weather might be, or how deep the snow, the hunter went out every day; and when he came home he was sure to bring a bear, a deer, or a wild turkey, slung over his shoulder.

"As the hunter's son grew older he wished to go after game, too. So his father made him a bow, and his mother embroidered him a pretty quiver in which to keep his arrows.

"But,—you have no idea how cold it was in those days! Often when the hunter's son would spy a squirrel and try to fit an arrow to his bow his fingers were so numb that the squirrel escaped before the arrow was ready. Thus the boy lost a great many shots and came home to his father's lodge very sad and discouraged.

"At last his mother noticed his unhappiness and said to him: 'Little son, what is the matter? You no longer laugh and shout as you used. Tell me your trouble. Perhaps I can help you.'

"'O mother,' answered the boy; 'I wish to be a mighty hunter like my father. I wish to shoot squirrels and birds with my little bow. But the weather is so cold, and the snow so deep, that I can get nothing at all.' And he hung his head and wept.

"That evening the mother repeated to her husband what their son had said.

"'Ho!' replied the hunter,—'it is rather cold for a little chap like him! I had not thought of the matter before; but now we will see what can be done about it.'"

"The next day the hunter killed a great bear and made a feast to which he invited several of his friends. They all came,—the Otter, the Beaver, the Lynx, the Badger, and the Wolverine. When everybody had had enough to eat, and the pipe had been passed about the circle, the hunter explained what he wanted.

"'My friends,' he said, 'we must start upon a journey. I need your help, and I am sure you will not refuse it. We are going a long way, and may be absent several months, so you had all better say good-bye to your families.'

"The Otter, the Beaver, the Lynx, the Badger, and the Wolverine agreed, and that very evening the party set out. For a long, long time they travelled till at last they came to the foot of a mighty mountain.

“‘Follow me,’ cried the hunter. ‘This is the place I have been looking for.’ And he started up the steep mountain side with his faithful friends at his heels.

“When they came to the top they gazed about in wonder. They were so near the sky it seemed almost as if they could touch it!

“‘Now, *jump!*’ shouted the hunter. ‘We are going to strike the sky with our heads, and the first who makes a hole in it will help the others through.’

“So all the animals began jumping as hard as they could. *Crack!* sounded their heads against the dome of the heavens. *Crack! Crack! CRACK!!*

“Till at last the Wolverine, who leapt higher and struck harder than any of the others, really did make a hole through which the hunter and his friends quickly crept.

“On the other side there was a beautiful grassy plain, scattered with tall trees and fragrant flowers. There were many lakes and streams, too, on the borders of which were built long lodges. In the doorways of these lodges hung cages full of the most charming birds.

“‘Ho!’ cried the hunter. ‘The very thing for which my little son has been longing!’ And he snatched several of the cages and began to turn the bright coloured birds through the hole in the sky.

“At that moment the heavenly inhabitants, feeling the warm air escaping, and seeing their beautiful birds set free, raised a shout like thunder and ran to close up the hole. But it was already too late! Autumn, spring and even a part of perpetual summer had slipped through! So, the hunter Ojeeg kept his promise to his little son, and from that day to this, though mankind may have to live through four, or even five moons of snow, there is always hope of warm weather to come.”

“Good!” grunted Little Bear, as his father ceased speaking.

“Good!” echoed his small sister.

In listening to the story they had quite forgotten to feel hungry. That was certainly a compliment.



Peace, Little Children, Peace

CALUMET SONG

Peace, little children, peace,
No more fighting to-day!
Time to gather the harvest,
Time to work and to play,
Peace, little children, peace!

Peace, little children, peace,
Hang up the bow and the spear,
As brothers who love one another,
Holding their kinship dear,
Peace, little children, peace!

Peace, little children, peace!
Our Father, who lives in the Blue,
Bids us to love one another,
Keeping our treaty true;
Bids us to "bury the hatchet,"
Bids us from quarrels to cease,
Living together in friendship,
Peace, little children, peace!



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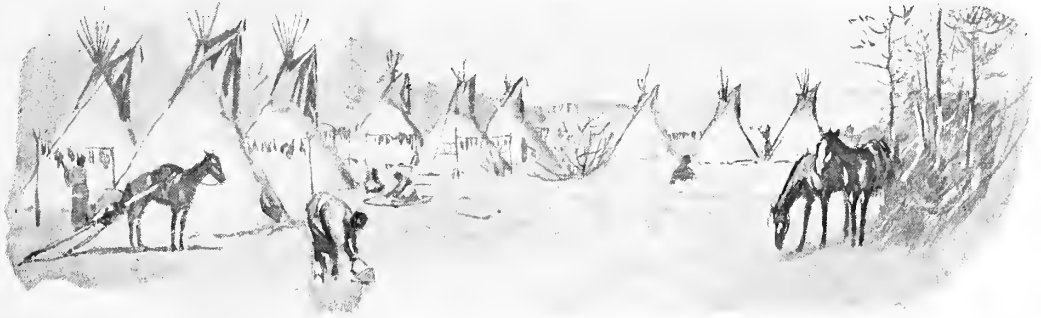
FAMILY CARES



The Making of a Warrior

IT was the Moon of Wild Cherries,—that is to say September. A band of Cree Indians had pitched their *tepees* along the borders of a beautiful lake. Back of the lake was a forest, and in the forest was plenty of game. All day long the Indian men hunted; the squaws dressed skins and dried meat; while the boys brought out their bows and blunted arrows and played at hunting, too.

The very little fellows were not allowed to wander away into the woods in search of squirrels or bird's eggs. They must stay safe at



THEY CAMPED ALONG THE BORDERS OF A BEAUTIFUL LAKE

home, where their mammas could watch them. Morning Star, son of the chief, Grey Wolf, soon grew tired of this. His bow had been made for him by his uncle. It was carved out of cedar wood, and had a fine spring.

One day while the little boys were shooting at an old war-bonnet that had been hung on a willow sapling for a target, Morning Star said:—

“I’m tired of this foolishness. I want to kill game!”

That evening when the warriors returned from the chase Morning Star’s uncle, Storm Cloud, brought a great bear on his shoulders.

After that Morning Star did not play with the babies. He went into the woods with the other boys.

What fun it was! His little, moccasined feet stole silently as those of a panther, his quick eyes searched every thicket and tree! Sometimes he would bring home a string of rabbits or a fat grouse. But the best fun of all, Morning Star thought, was the chipmunk hunt.

This took place in the early spring after the first thaw, when the chipmunks would dig their way through the snow crust to see how the world was getting on. The Indian boys, knowing this, would come out, too, and imitate the chipmunk's call on wild oat straws. So, with a scurry of feet, the little creatures would come running, and the shooting-match begin!

Besides hunting and fishing, Morning Star learned to run, to ride, to swim, and to wrestle. But it was not all play. Sometimes at day-break Morning Star's uncle would rouse him, and challenge him to a fast. Then Morning Star would black his face with charcoal and pass the whole day without eating, while the other boys would bring berries and nuts to tempt him. That was pretty hard!

So the seasons passed. The summer he was fifteen years old it became time for Morning Star "to make his medicine." Bidding good-



HE CHOSE A GREAT BULL FROM THE HERD

bye to his father and mother he stole away into the forest, where, in some hidden spot, he was expected to fast and pray to "the Great Mystery." After awhile he would fall asleep, and "the Great

Mystery" would send him a dream of some beast, reptile, or bird. This animal would become his "medicine," and bring him good luck all his life.

What do you think Morning Star dreamed about? Just a chipmunk! It was the evening of the fifth day. He was feeling weak and faint with his long fast, when suddenly behind the bole of a great oak tree a pair of pointed ears pricked out:—

"Morning Star! Morning Star!" piped a little voice. "You have killed many of my people. You will make a mighty warrior!"

Then Morning Star woke up, and springing from the mossy bank on which he had been lying, hurried home to his father's *tepee* where a great feast was made in his honor!

But he was not a *warrior* yet,—no, not even a *brave*! First he



ALL DAY LONG THE INDIAN MEN HUNTED

must have a shield, and he must make it with his own hand, too, for if he bought one it would not protect him in battle.

So Morning Star joined the autumn buffalo hunt, and riding into the herd, chose a great bull, and killed it with a single arrow! From the skin of this bull the shield was made.

All the warriors of the village were invited to the ceremony. They came in their war-paint and feathers, and the more terrible they looked, the prouder they felt! In the centre of a great circle a hole had been dug and a fire built. Over this fire Morning Star stretched the bit of bull's hide from which he was to forge his shield, and while "the smoking of the shield" went on, the warriors danced round and round the circle, brandishing their war-clubs, shouting and singing.

This was Morning Star's "enlistment." He was now a *brave*, though not a *warrior*.

It was just about a couple of weeks after this that Morning Star dreamed of the chipmunk again! He was sleeping one frosty night with his feet toward the fire that burned in the middle of the *tepee*, when, through the smoke-hole in the roof, there came a little voice:—

"Morning Star! Morning Star!" it piped. "Wake up, and listen to the Ojibway owl!"

So Morning Star got up, and stealing to the door of the tent pushed back the buffalo robe that hung there.

It was very dark outside. There was not any light except that of the stars, for there was no moon.

Morning Star stood and listened.

"*Too-hoo!*" rang a ghostly voice, at last. "*Too-hoo! Too-hoo!*" came the answer, through the blackness.

It was the signal of the Ojibway scouts! Morning Star's tribe was about to be attacked. If he had not waked and warned them in time they might all have been massacred!

In the battle which followed Morning Star fought more bravely than anyone else. He led the young braves as they pursued the enemy and hunted them through the forest; and when they returned to the camp the next evening it was found that Morning Star carried the scalp of the Ojibway war-chief in his belt. So, at last, he had become a warrior! And from that day forth he was no longer called Morning Star, but "the Chipmunk Dreamer," which was thought to be a much finer name!



Bows and Arrows

AN INDIAN HUNTING SONG

LONG bow, strong bow,
 flight of feathered arrows!
Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Creeping, leaping thro' the snow,
Antelope and buffalo,
 fear the deadly arrows!

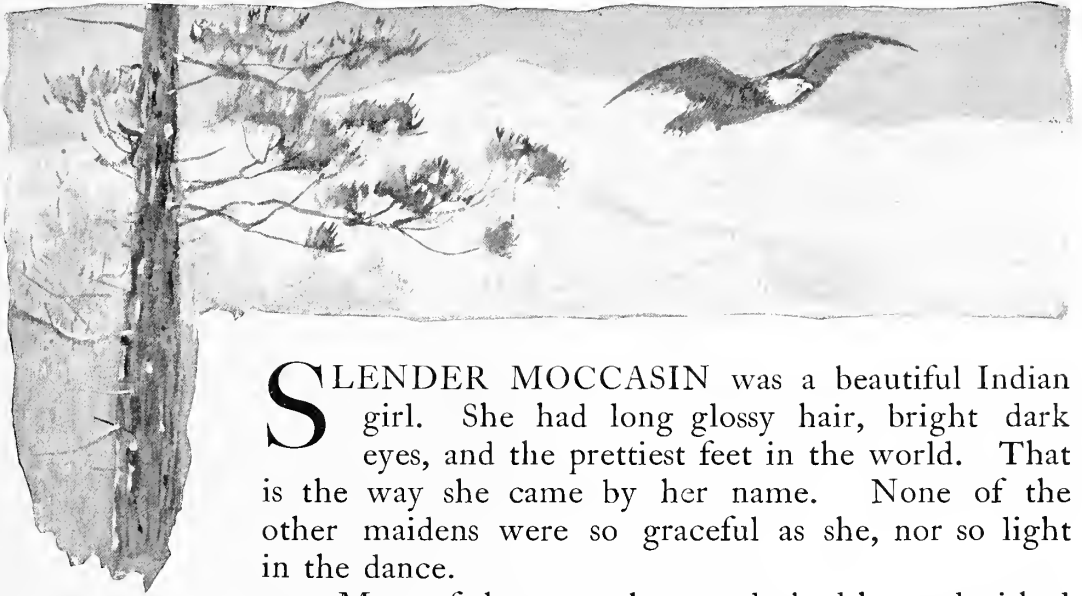
Straight shaft, sure shaft,
 sped with skill and daring!
Polished tip and painted haft,
Rump or shoulder, fore or aft,
Who can cheat the hunter's craft?
 who defy his daring?

*Tribes that fly, and tribes that run,
He'll pursue you, every one!
Soaring eagle, fierce and free;
Timid chipmunk in the tree,
Wood or prairie, dale or hill,
He will follow, follow still!
Swift and silent, sure and strong,
So we sing our hunting song!*



SENT HIS WINGED SHAFT INTO THE BREAST OF THE ROYAL SWAN

The Choosing of Slender Moccasin



SLENDER MOCCASIN was a beautiful Indian girl. She had long glossy hair, bright dark eyes, and the prettiest feet in the world. That is the way she came by her name. None of the other maidens were so graceful as she, nor so light in the dance.

Many of the young braves admired her and wished to marry her; but she would only toss her head and laugh. She lived with her father and her old grandmother, and she was very happy. Why should she bother with a husband?

"The mating season will be over some day," her grandmother said. "Your straight shoulders will stoop, your bright eyes will grow dim. There will be no more flute playing outside your tent at night. Spring does not last always."

"So much the better," laughed Slender Moccasin. "When I am old and ugly people will let me alone," and she tossed her pretty head. But perhaps she did not mean all she said. She may only have wished to tease her grandmother.

Now of all the young warriors there were two who loved Slender Moccasin better than the rest. One of these was Four Bears and the other Flying Cloud. Both were handsome and brave; but they were as different as light and darkness.

When Four Bears came wooing he wore his embroidered leggings, brushed his hair with a brush made from the tail of a porcupine, and mounted his most spirited pony. Then he would gallop up and down in front of Slender Moccasin's *tepee* shouting, while she peeped out and laughed.

But Flying Cloud acted very differently. He stole softly through the night, wrapped in his white robe; and he would sing and play the most charming of love ditties, while Slender Moccasin sat behind her curtains and listened;—but she did not laugh.

So things went on till summer was nearly over. It was time for the camp to be broken up, and the different bands to scatter for the hunt. And still Slender Moccasin had not made up her mind!

“How can I tell?” she said to her grandmother. “Four Bears rides well, and Flying Cloud sings beautifully. If the two were rolled into one it would be easy. As it is, let each go with his own band.”

“Very well,” returned the grandmother. “We will say nothing more to these young men. Since you find it so hard to choose I will pick you a husband myself. Your father and I are tired of your foolishness, and we have determined that you shall be married before the first snow flies. So what do you say to old Stooping Buzzard? He neither rides nor sings; but he must be an excellent provider, since he has three wives in the graveyard, and is already looking for a fourth.”

“What are you talking about?” cried Slender Moccasin. “I—marry that old man! He is ugly as a badger, and cross, and mean! Besides I saw him strike a little child only yesterday. You must be crazy.”

“It is you who are crazy,” returned the grandmother, crossly. “Yes, crazy with youth and foolishness. Your father says you may have till to-morrow morning to make up your mind. If you have not decided by that time, we will send for Stooping Buzzard and the wedding can take place.”

Poor Slender Moccasin! She had never imagined anything so cruel. All the afternoon she sat in a corner of the *tepee* and thought and thought, while her grandmother pounded corn in a stone hopper, and looked up ever and again with an odd twinkle in her eyes.

“Well,” said the old woman, early the next morning as soon as breakfast was over. “Have you made up your mind at last? Remember, to-day you are to choose a husband. Shall we send for Flying Cloud, Four Bears, or old Stooping Buzzard?”

“Send for all three,” replied Slender Moccasin, proudly. “Since the matter can no longer be put off, I am determined to take the best of the lot.”

So the three suitors were sent for, and Slender Moccasin explained her plan.

"I am very happy as a maid," said she. "I wish also to be happy as a wife; but I cannot make up my mind whom to marry. If you will each of you take your bow and quiver and bring me a bird by sunset, I believe that will help me to decide. And he whose gift I accept shall become my husband."

The three warriors listened in silence, only too glad to receive an answer at last, and as soon as Slender Moccasin ceased speaking they hurried away.

It was evening before they returned to the tent. First came old Stooping Buzzard with a fat turkey over his shoulder. This he threw down at Slender Moccasin's feet, growling:

"Here's your bird, and trouble enough I had getting it! So put it in the pot and be quick!"

Slender Moccasin laughed, and turned to Four Bears who came hurrying in at the lodge door.

"I have brought you an eagle," cried the eager youth,—“the king of birds! None so fierce and free as he,—his very feathers are worn in token of bravery! And so I have brought one to you!"

Slender Moccasin smiled, and was about to take the gift, when another voice cried:

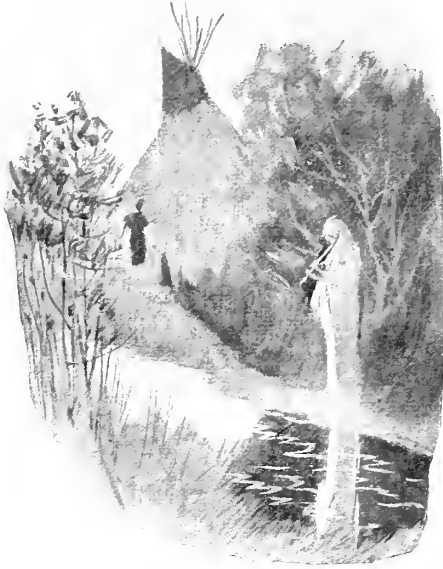
"Am I too late?" I have been looking since morning for the bird I felt you would love the best, and here it is! The pure plumage of the royal swan is worthy to be worn even by you, O most beautiful one! Tho' his nest be lowly, he has the heart of a poet. Even death finds it hard to still the sweet notes of his mating song!"

It was Flying Cloud. So Slender Moccasin stretched out her hands in silence and received the gift of her true lover,—but she did not smile!

And the next day a crier went about the camp shouting invitations to the wedding feast. Everybody came and had a good time, only, of course, old Stooping Buzzard and the young brave Four Bears were not *quite* as merry as the rest. But you will be glad to hear that Slender Moccasin never had any cause to regret her choice!

Pretty Maiden Bright Eyes

INDIAN LOVE SONG



Pretty maiden bright eyes, pretty
bright-eyed maid,
Listen to your lover piping in the
shade!

What is this he's singing? Sweet the
notes and true,
Listen, bright-eyed maiden, for he
sings to you:—

*When the sun is setting, when the woods
are still,*

*Lift, oh lift your curtain, hasten to the
rill!*

*Dip and fill your pitcher in the babbling
brook,*

*Hidden in the bushes, there I'll bide
and look!*

Pretty maiden bright eyes, pretty bright-eyed maid,
Harken to your lover hiding in the glade;
Tho' you cannot see him, still his voice is heard,
Piping in the thicket, piping like a bird!

When the dew is falling, when the stars are bright,

Lift, oh lift your curtain! Stealing thro' the night,

Stealing still and piping, surely I will come,—

Watch for me, my maiden, in your woodland home!

Pretty maiden bright eyes, pretty bright-eyed maid,
Yes, it is your lover,—be not then afraid!

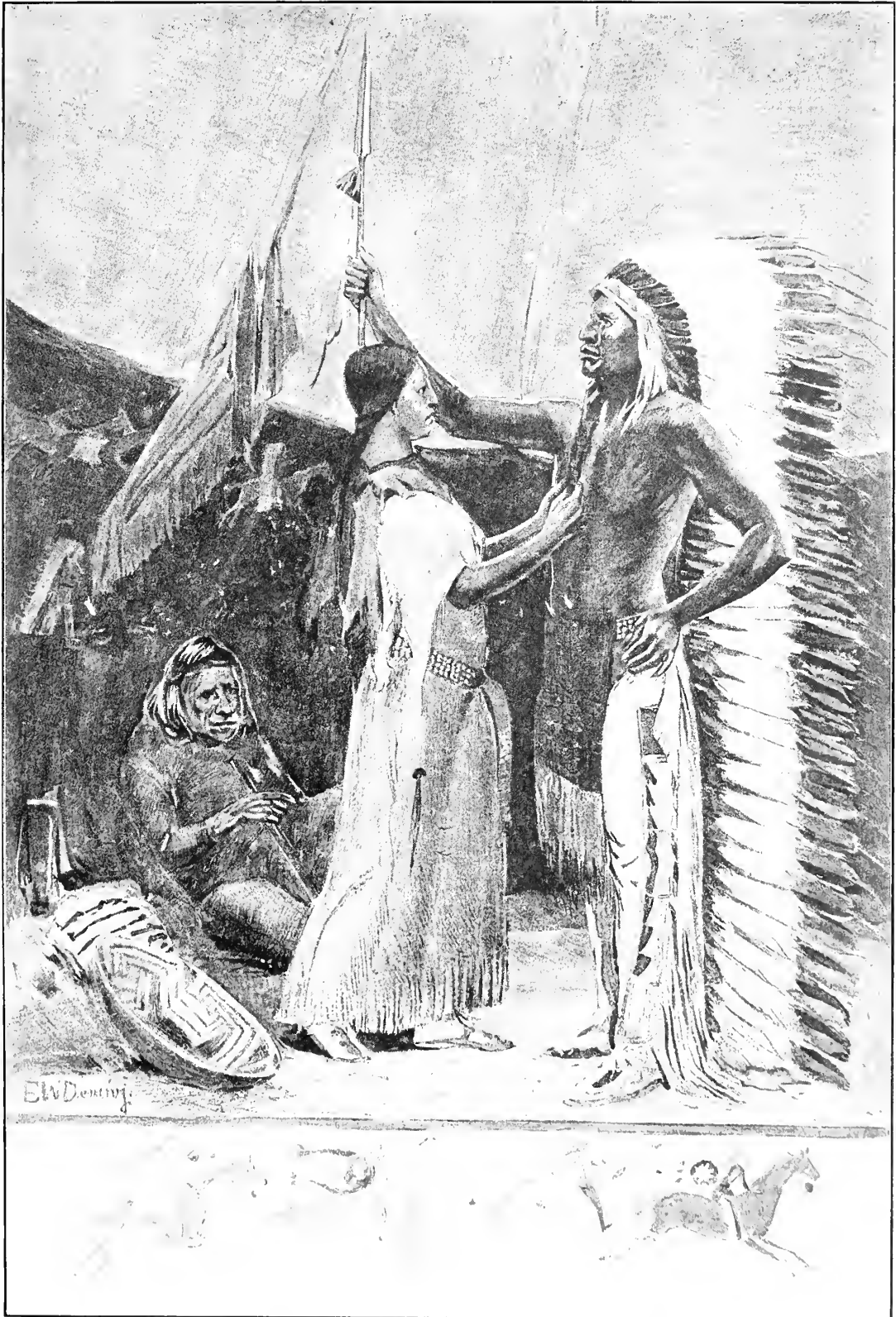
He will bring you venison, fleet is he and strong,
First in war and woodcraft! Listen to his song:—

When the stars are hidden, when the moon is high,

Piping in the thicket, who shall wait but I?

Lift, oh lift your curtain, hasten to my side,

Come to me, my maiden, come and be my bride!



HE WAS GOING OUT TO FIGHT THE ENEMY

The Father and Mother of Stalking Elk

STALKING ELK was just a fat little Indian boy. There was nothing remarkable about him at all. Sometimes he was good, and sometimes he was naughty; but he always loved his father and mother very much.

His mother had beautiful black eyes and a low, sweet voice. She often sang to Stalking Elk and told him stories. When she went into the forest to gather sticks she would let him come, too; and she made him pretty little bead-embroidered moccasins, and gave him good things to eat, such as buffalo fat and maple sugar cakes.



THE WARRIORS SET OUT

Oh, the sugar making season! What fun it was! Everybody was very busy and very happy. There were so many things to be done, and Stalking Elk helped, too.

First the big copper kettle must be made ready. Stalking Elk's mother scoured it with wood ashes, until it shone like new. Next a maple tree was cut down, and a log canoe hollowed out of the trunk into which the sap was to be gathered. A great many little basins of birch and basswood were also made to catch the

first sweet drops as they trickled from the tree.

While Stalking Elk's mother attended to these things, Stalking Elk stood about on one foot and asked her how soon she thought she would be done? He was afraid the other mothers with their little boys would reach the maple grove first, but, at last, everything was ready.

The bark sugar house stood in the middle of a fine grove of trees. Stalking Elk tramped along through the snowy woods, leading the way. The walking was easy because the snow crust had not yet begun to thaw.

"Hello, Stalking Elk!" shouted the other boys. "Did you bring your bow and arrows with you?"

"Yes, I did," Stalking Elk answered. "The chipmunks shan't steal my mother's maple sugar!"

Next morning the squaws began testing the trees. They would give a quick sharp stroke with an ax to see if the sap would run; and where it would one of the birch basins was set under the tree, and a hard wood wedge was driven into the cut. Drop by drop the sap would begin to trickle from this wedge, flowing more and more freely, till the little basin was full. Then the boys were allowed to empty it into the great trough canoe.

When plenty of sap had been gathered and all the canoes were full, a fire was built in the middle of the sugar house, and the copper kettles were hung over it. Now began the real fun; for as the sap turned into syrup it must be dipped out with a wooden spoon and tested in the snow. And how could one tell whether it were really done or not, if one did not eat it? Stalking Elk helped his mother so hard for the next few days that she feared there would not be any sugar left!

"You must be tired," she said at last. "Go and sit down on those blankets. I will make the rest into little cakes."

So Stalking Elk sat in a corner and watched his mother as she poured the hot syrup into long hollow reeds, or moulded it into odd shapes in the bills of wild ducks and geese. He did not mind waiting because he knew that all the pretty golden candies were to be put away for him.

Would not any little boy have loved so kind and gentle a mother?

But the father of Stalking Elk was different. There was nothing gentle about him! If you had seen him in his war-paint and feathers you would have dreamed about it for weeks!

One evening in early summer, after the sugar making was over and nearly forgotten, Stalking Elk raised the painted flap of his mother's *tepee* and looked in. There in the middle of the lodge stood his father, with a long spear in his hand and his war bonnet on his head. How brave and handsome he looked! He was going out to fight the enemy. He might never return to his wife and little boy, whom he loved very dearly;—yet there he stood as still as a statue with a smile on his lips, while his wife braided an eagle feather into his black locks.

Stalking Elk was too little to understand, but he thought just for fun that he would trail his father and see what happened. So he hid

close to the tent door; and, presently, when his father came out, Stalking Elk followed like a little brown rabbit scudding through the bushes.

It was fortunate that they had not far to go, for Stalking Elk's father walked fast. Soon they heard the sound of a drum, and saw bright flames between the pine stems; and in another moment they had come out into a clear belt of yellow sand in the centre of which stood a barren pine tree.

Here many other warriors and young braves were gathered; each one armed with a bow and quiver, a long lance, a war-club, and a shield. Their faces were daubed with vermilion, charcoal, and white clay, mixed with bear's grease. They clashed their spears together and danced in solemn measure about a great fire of pine knots; while an old man sitting at the head of the ring beat time upon a drum.

Presently the warriors began to sing, and the woods echoed with their wild voices. One would start a short verse, another would take it up, only to be interrupted by the war-whoop.

Little Stalking Elk, crouching in a thicket of elder on the edge of the clearing, stood it as long as he could;—but when suddenly his father struck the barren pine with his hatchet, at the same time leaping high into the air, Stalking Elk started from his hiding-place and with a shout of triumph joined the whooping throng! So his father snatched him up, and set him upon his shoulder; and Stalking Elk danced with the others!

The next morning at early dawn the warriors set out. How proudly they rode across the prairie, their bright weapons glancing in the first rays of the sun!

Stalking Elk and his mother stood hand in hand and watched them go; and when after many anxious days, there was good news of the returning war party, they marched out with the other women and children singing glad songs of victory. And that night there was a great feast made of pounded venison, maple sugar, wild artichokes, bear's fat, and boiled puppy; and Stalking Elk was very, very happy! Well, with such a kind father and mother to look after him, I think he ought to have been.



Off to the War

INDIAN BATTLE SONG

Off to the war! off to the war!
Riding along together!
Ho! yar! off to the war,
Shaking our spears together!

What do we fight for, braves all, and warriors?
Land we've a right for, land where our quarry is!
Grounds where we've hunted long, bear, elk, and bison;—
Raise then the battle song! Shout, for the fight's on:—
Ho! yar! shaking our spears together!

So shall we conquer still, winning new glory,—
Right to the eagle quill, fabled in story!
Proud will our women be, marching to meet us;
Chanting their hymn in glee, laugh as they greet us!
Ho! yar! shaking our spears together!

Raise then the battle shout, dull laggards scorning,
As we ride proudly out, thro' the still morning!
Glance in the early glow, war-paint and bonnet,—
Ready for weal or woe, who would not don it?
Ho! yar! shouting our song together:—

Off to the war! off to the war!
Riding along together!
Ho! yar! off to the war,
Shaking our spears together!







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